

There is a fleeting glimpse of
rolling, lush green hills -
huff up - even looking a
valley. The valley contains
a large city - a lot of
buildings, but the air is
a more tropical climate.

There is one man on the
hill, sitting looking over
the city, very contemplative
as though he is very
distant from the city.

He is contemplative and dressed

in a white, short-sleeved shirt
and dark slacks. He is not on
the hill alone, but the others
who have come with him are off
at a distance, waiting for him.

Next, I have this same man.
More formally dressed (dark suit,
white shirt and tie). May be
American or stripes on his sleeve
right to left. He is in a
tiled, walled courtyard of a
large, expensive, open house.
There are brilliantly colored
flowers all around, & sweet

Early morning. Again, there are
others near him, waiting. The
house is in a high, walled
compound with intricate masonry
work and a heavy double iron
gate with a symbol that divides
when the gate is opened.

His demeanor is more
designed, as though he were
about to put into motion those
conclusions he had reached
while on the hill.

I've tried taking him to his

destination, but can't get there.

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9 APR

I saw a woman -
professional, carrying papers.

She was dressed
in black & white dress &
black shoes. She was
waiting. I remembered she was
in a professional building
and she was near some
steps. I remembered she
was lecturing. She ~~was~~ had
short brown hair and
she was thin.

She was alone, waiting.